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# Editorial . . .

WITH this issue of our favorite magazine we bring to an end our own immediate concern with its inner workings, and pass on to a more sprightly youth the pleasures of editing, proof-reading, pursuing delinquent contributors and meeting deadlines. Our aspirin bottle, we fear, is almost empty, and he must get one for himself. With us into the comparative tranquility of retirement, since STET is maintained on the cabinet system, go our redoubtable associates, to be reappointed or replaced as circumstances and the policy of the new editor dictate. Having sought no inside information, we must confess that we shall read the masthead of the July issue with considerable interest. Meanwhile we can but thank our editorial associates, our contributors, and all our friends within and without the University confines who have helped to establish and maintain a magazine we hope will grow into a real asset to the University and to Alberta.

The new keeper of the editorial wastebasket—our single step toward an office of our own—is Peter M. Roberts who, having braved the rigors attendant upon acquiring a B.Ed. degree, is currently working toward a Master's Degree in English. A native of Lethbridge, Mr. Roberts may be expected to bring to STET the full benefit of a southern temperament and a vision unobscured, together with good literary judgment and a very real creative ability. We believe STET is fortunate to be assigned to his care.

An experimenter to the last, we have in this issue included a number of criticisms, literary and otherwise, which may prove to be of interest and are, in our opinion, a sign of advancement in artistic appreciation. We confess with unholy glee to a special affection for Mr. Wood's Byronic fantasy, which seems to give promise of still better work to come. From the deep south Mr. Robertson returns with a story of a man and a town, and Helen Rutherford tells of a bear that is a bear. Mr. McFetridge grows serious for a change, and Mr. Harold Morrison presents his prize-winning solution to our town planning problem. We

trust the complete menu will prove satisfying, and if it doesn't—just tell the Editor.

—H.V.W.

It is with a sense of humility and insufficiency that we enter upon our new duties as editor-in-chief of STET. From a puny infant, STET has grown into a vigorous and, we think, a rather beautiful child. Publications as far distant as Toronto have reprinted from STET, and an ever-increasing flow of subscriptions from outside the university testifies to the name which STET has made for itself. We undertake our task with a very real awareness of the responsibilities which accompany it, and like the spinster who knit a swimming suit for her cat, we mean well.

We do not propose to make any major changes in the policy which governs the contents and physical appearance of STET. The magazine's size, paper, illustrations and cover are designed with one eye fixed cannily upon the budget, and while we realize the importance of an attractive cover, we shall continue to plan STET for those who base their judgments on what is printed inside. Selecting the materials which are to be included, and rejecting those which are not, is a ticklish and perplexing business. Generally speaking, our decisions will be based upon the three purposes for which STET was originally established by the students of this university: to give promising writers (usually, but not necessarily, students) an opportunity to appear in print; to supply a definite and urgent need in the university and in the province for a publication of artistic merit; and to do a public relations job throughout the province and the Dominion. We are satisfied that STET is achieving these three purposes with ever-increasing effectiveness, and we shall continue to select for publication articles, stories and poems which will help the magazine to do its job.

To the retiring editor-in-chief we say "Bon voyage!" From him we have inherited a large and well-stuffed waste basket, and a stub of a blue pencil. We shall attempt to use them effectively and with discretion.

P.M.R.

# TOWN PLANNING

## To Meet Alberta's Present and Future Problems . . .

By HAROLD S. MORRISON

*Editor's Note: Mr. Morrison's essay was the winner of first prize in our recent contest*

During the past few months Canada's moviegoers have had the pleasure of viewing a city of the future. Ottawa, our capital city, is to undergo a facelifting, in order to make it one of the really outstanding cities of the world. The general reaction to this documentary film has been one of approval and one or two citizens have been heard to remark, "Why can't we do something like that, here in Alberta?" The answer is—we can, and should. No we don't want to turn every hamlet, city and village into a national capitol but we do feel that every community in Alberta could be outstanding.

Town planning is not a new thing. The Greeks and Romans were far more adept at certain phases of it than the best of the experts today. The arrangement of the Acropolis or the streets of ancient Rome have created far more beauty than would be achieved in the modern architect's wildest dreams. Even during the middle ages the people of northern Europe made great strides in sorting out their cities and increasing their "livability." It was Sir Christopher Wren in fact who proposed a plan (not accepted) for the rebuilding of London after the great fire of 1666. His ideas were much in line with those of today.

However, the problem of the great cities of the past, or present, is not that of the people of Alberta today. The larger cities of our province have very comprehensive town planning schemes which, while they are often ignored, keep order where chaos might easily reign. It is the smaller centers which need to establish some definite policy. In this connection, it has been asked why a small town with but one or two streets needs think too much of the future when it may never grow larger. While this may be true

of some backward communities, it is not the case with thousands of others. Alberta is growing. Its life is in the future. Day by day more industries are moving to Alberta or are expanding within the province. Already one wholly new town has arisen because of the oil boom, and as the eastern portion of the province is opened up by irrigation, other centers will grow. The aim of town planning is to keep this growth orderly and for the population's benefit.

Thus it would seem that now is the time for our smaller cities and villages to become plan conscious. Town planning should not be a monopoly for the larger centers to abuse but should apply wherever a group of people have gathered together. Albertans need not feel that they are starting from scratch, for the provincial Town Planning Act will lead the way. Also they may obtain help from the Prairie Regional Town Planning Commission at the University of Manitoba where experts are only too willing to lend a hand. The largest part though is up to the citizens, for upon them rests the responsibility to make a start, carry it through and to stick by their plans. The object of this dissertation then is to show the way toward the solution of some of the problems facing the smaller centers of the prairies.

Any visitor to the province would at once notice the similarity of its towns. How familiar to us all is this standardized pattern, the main street running parallel to the railway with the second street as we shall call it, perpendicular to it and facing the station. If one is familiar with one community he will feel at home in most others. It is this sameness which the town planners of Alberta should attempt to avoid. One of

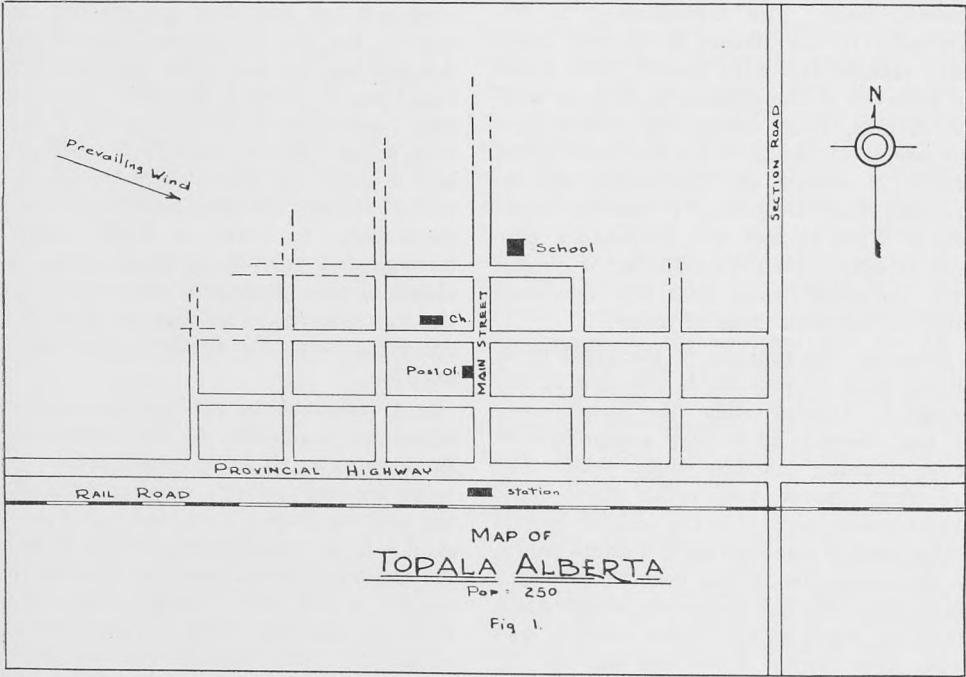
the fundamental principles in town planning is to create a personality for every town just as an architect tries to create a soul for his building. Naturally, as with humans it is possible to have different types of personalities, good and bad. With a town it is a simple matter to achieve a good one, and as it grows it is even possible to develop two or more different personalities in different sections though this is usually left to the large centers. To follow this analogy still further, towns must have certain facilities and be physically pleasant to live in, just as a human must have physical fitness to be completely successful. Thus, while from the aesthetic point of view, closed streets present beautiful "pictures" they are also hazards from the point of view of fire control. So we see that town planning is divided into two interlocking parts, one primarily concerning the architect and the other the engineer. A third and often overlooked member of this team is the economist, who must find ways and means of paying for his associates' dreams. Only too often is this third party the opposition.

Today the majority of people are interested in the more practical aspect of town planning. In a discussion of this it would

seem logical to take a typical town and follow through its needs. So let us take the town of Topala, a small community with a large future. Figure 1 shows the town as it is today. It is a typical railway town on a secondary highway. At present everyone knows everyone else and the major topics of conversation are directed toward the future. Recently the government has announced plans for an irrigation scheme in the surrounding district and the townfolk immediately feel a new sense of importance. Now is the time for the town authorities to start acting. After construction starts bringing with it a sudden influx of workers and fortune hunters it will be too late. Industries will have started in residential areas and a shanty town may have grown in others.

One of the first steps in town planning is zoning, a science often decried by the man with big dreams as being a hindrance to progress and expansion. Zoning in a small town, as in a city, should be carried out in a sensible, practical manner. Areas must be set aside for residential, industrial and commercial districts.

First let us suggest what residential districts Topala will require. The last census





showed the town's population to be just over two hundred; however it is conceivable that with the introduction of irrigation the population could eventually grow to over five thousand. The possibilities along this line may easily be ascertained from a study of towns that have experienced the advent of irrigation when at the same size, and from a careful survey of the factors involved. Let us say then, that the town will some day in the foreseeable future have such a population. We will base our plans on that figure. One of the first requisites of a good town plan is that it be flexible. It must be able to function to its full extent if the town reaches only one thousand also, it must be such that it can readily, without drastic changes, be enlarged if the population should skyrocket to ten thousand. That is, no areas should be irrevocably cut off from future expansion. An example of this has occurred in New York City where land prices are so high now that a widening of the streets is almost economically impossible. Something similar to this could happen in a small town.

What area then do we need for a population of five thousand persons? A group of students at Harvard University has come up with the answer. They recommend that there should be not more than eleven people to the acre. This of course includes areas to be taken up by roads and utility easements. After these areas have been deducted, the average family will have a living area about equal to a lot sixty-five feet wide and one hundred and fifty feet long. It should be fairly obvious that this area allows ample room for a small garden plot as well as a reasonable lawn or recreation area. This also provides a certain amount of fire protection by adequate spacing and incidentally reduces the insurance rates in the area.

A simple computation from the above figures reveals that about 450 acres will be required for the residential areas. These should not all be in one lump. Rather it is preferable to have distinct districts. Each of these districts can naturally afford a different type of living accommodation. There should be certain areas for multiple dwellings and for "two family residences." Also there will be some plots of land larger than others. One important criterion is that no part of the town should anywhere repeat itself.

Having decided what areas are required for housing, we should next turn to the problem of how the populace is to make its livelihood. It will be necessary to set aside areas for commerce and industry. In most towns the commercial district is already established. The growth of this district should be planned. For many towns it is suggested that almost the entire present area might be allocated to commercial enterprises, though business prospects in the town should be thoroughly investigated before any decisions are made. In Topala, what is now a residential street could be made into the main street. Others branching off it would then become the secondary streets. This would aid any future congestion in the vicinity of the railway and would also clear the main highway. The development of this street should be carefully watched and every effort should be made to induce new business to locate there.

Hand in hand with zoning come building bylaws. No building which does not fit into the overall plan should be permitted. The city of Washington is one of the most beautifully laid out in the world, but think how ghastly it would be if all its buildings were glorified shacks. Some towns such as Banff, specify what materials should be used in the visible portions of all commercial buildings. The advantages and disadvantages of this regulation are obvious but nevertheless good architectural practices should be encouraged. Where a building is to be of any size, or built in such a manner as to be permanent, its position in regard to the plan should be carefully studied. Brick or concrete buildings are not easy to demolish and may well outlive their builders. Another point to remember is that a few square feet of vitrolite and some glass brick do not make a modern building and can become very shabby if not properly maintained. Therefore the first step should be to set up a board of the town's leading businessmen to approve all structures in certain locations or of a certain value. Permanent buildings should be encouraged within the limits of economy. The placing of these will be discussed later when the aesthetic phase of town planning is considered.

A sound suggestion at this point would be the adoption of a good building code. This need cause no concern, for the National

Building Code which is already in use in many localities, will be found very suitable. Further along this line might be the writing of this code into the provincial statutes. Immediately, the quality of construction in the province would rise with little added cost to the populace.

Many people will scoff at the idea of industry in a small town, not realizing just what could be classed under this heading. Creameries and flour mills are one form of industry that should be allocated a place. Repair shops, farm machinery depots and construction yards are another type. Different classes of industry should be segregated. It is preferable that these areas should be kept as near as possible to the railways. (The prevailing wind should also be taken into account as well as water supplies.) One natural division that presents itself is for the industrial section to be largely on "the other side of the track". Care should be taken with this however since it is desirable to keep the town as much as possible on one side of the railway since any crossing presents many costly problems. In a split town, in order to keep motor traffic moving, it becomes necessary to construct underpasses or to move the main yards away from the center of town. The first of these alternatives is obviously impractical from a financial point of view and the second for the reason that the town will naturally follow the railway.

The next point to be considered in the new Topala is the provision of recreational or park areas. Many people look upon this as the most important part of town planning. However it becomes a minor point in the planning of smaller towns where the open country is so close, yet it should be remembered that happiness is one of our chief aims in life. Park areas should be located where possible on the best natural sites. That is, Nature has provided many beauty spots near almost every town and these should be taken advantage of to the utmost. It will of course be necessary to build up man-made beauty spots in many localities. When deciding upon these areas the town planner should also provide access roads and in the case of ball parks or hockey rinks parking areas should be adequate.

Having now decided upon which areas are

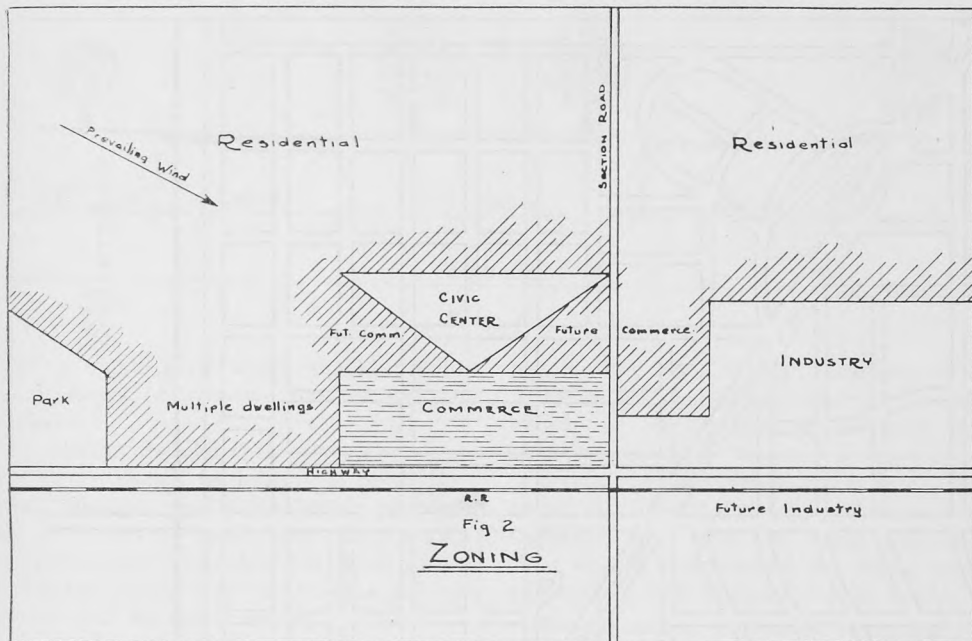
required we should now proceed to arrange them in a satisfactory manner. Some have already been located and other locations will become fairly obvious. In general, commercial or industrial areas should, except in special cases where the force of gravity may be used, be on level ground, while residential areas fit very admirably on gentle hill-sides. Figure two shows one arrangement for the industrial and commercial districts in Topala. At present many of them are filled with homes but eventually there will be a planned change. It should be noted (figure three) that all the streets in these areas are straight with few dead ends. Provision has been made in the center of town for a small circular park. Maybe some day there will be an historic monument erected there. In the meantime it will be a resting place for the traveller or shopper.

Figure three is intended to be one solution to Topala's problems. Every town should be dealt with according to its own troubles or problems, present or future. There can be no fixed set of rules or one masterplan to fit all communities. The main street, running east and west is to be 120 feet wide with the other business streets eighty and the residential streets sixty-five. These widths are calculated to provide for any traffic ever likely to occur.

In connection with the street system in this town, it is recommended that all business should be required to provide "off-street loading" facilities for any trucks which they may use. This policy keeps the streets clear and tempers cool. Places of business in the commercial district should also be encouraged to build back from the property line, possibly two or three feet.

Another feature of this plan is that all the public buildings are grouped together with an extensive park area. While many of these buildings may not be built for some time to come, their places should be saved. The firehall may be a beautiful building, excellently landscaped and maintained and should be carefully situated on a wide thoroughfare. If more towns paid greater attention to buildings which are usually thought of as having strictly utilitarian value, great strides in civic beauty could be achieved.

Next we come to the residential districts, which should be planned hand in hand with



the open areas. Figure four shows these districts added to those previously established. It will be noted that there are three distinct areas, separated by main roads. These arteries are to be designed to handle the largest part of the traffic and if properly built can become very suitable park areas as well. It is suggested that these streets should be two hundred feet wide and developed along the lines shown in figure four.

While these streets are of tremendous value now, any future development should take place along them. This assures that no matter how large the town may grow "rapid transit" will never be a problem. So far as possible, large shopping centers should be kept off these streets regardless of property values since they are meant for transportation purposes only. It should also be noted that a better plan would have fewer side streets entering these thoroughfares. This feature might be termed a "lifesaver."

The streets in residential areas should, where possible follow the contours of the land, thus providing easier driving and better building sites as well as simplifying the problems of sewerage. Mr. Unwin, noted English town planner, has set forth a very useful rule which applies to the planning of streets anywhere as well as numerous other

things.—"Straight lines for business and curves for pleasure." Town planners would do well to remember this.

The problem of which way to orientate the "long blocks" has always come up for major discussion. One of the safest rules to follow is that, there should be some in both directions. In this country if the lot is narrow it is generally better to place the long blocks running north and south, since the houses will then receive the morning and afternoon sun at the times when it is most appreciated by the working man. If the lots are larger the orientation matters little except that people may want large windows facing the street and the winter sun could thus be used to advantage if the street were to run east and west. Keeping this in mind the plan for Topala becomes self explanatory.

As a general rule the town hospital should be built away from the center of town, yet on a main thoroughfare which, it is assumed, would be either kept open during any emergencies or would be the first one to be opened. A typical case would be the annual blizzard. With modern building methods it is quite possible to keep the hospital quiet despite the traffic and in any event a natural amount of noise is recognized as a necessity. In this plan the hospital is situated



# PLAN OF TOPALA, ALBERTA

F.g. 3.



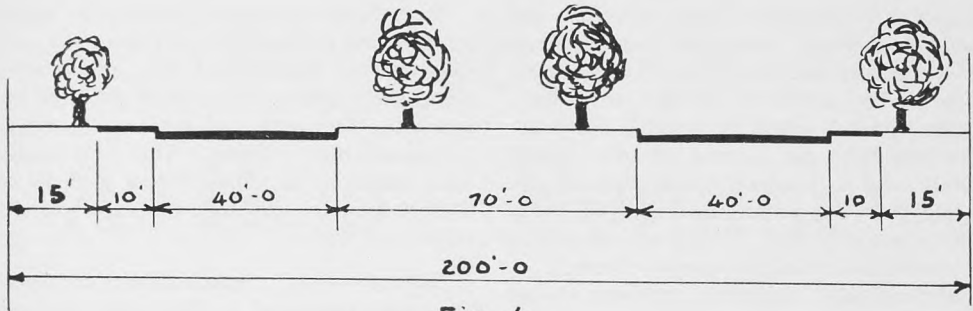


Fig. 4

near a small park which should provide many hours of pleasure for convalescing patients.

In placing the churches (more sites than are shown should be left) it is noted that most buildings used for religious purposes are well above the usual standards of beauty in architecture. Thus they have been placed where this virtue may be observed and appreciated to its fullest extent.

In the planning of a town, provision should also be made for utilities. This must be considered when laying out the streets and lanes. In most localities water supply and sewage disposal is a town monopoly and rightly so. Thus every town should at its earliest opportunity investigate a water supply since this must of necessity come before a sewage disposal system. In the case of Topala, this problem is easily met if the proposed irrigation scheme be carried through, for if the water cannot be directly obtained from the canals, the water table will be raised sufficiently to provide excellent wells. In other areas stream records should be taken of all rivers and their tributaries to determine the amount of water which could be obtained from them. This work takes many years and should be started now. The Water Resources Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources has the facilities for carrying out this work.

After a suitable water supply has been found, a reputable civil engineer should be consulted. He alone has the knowledge and ability to recommend a water treatment plant and distribution system. However the town planner can help by keeping industrial users near to the supply and by providing regular utility easements in all sections of the town. Our imaginary town was fortunate in having a hill on which to locate its

water tower, a point which outweighs many others in the location of a reservoir. A community on flatter land should have this structure, which, if designed properly, may be a credit to the town, placed nearer to the center and toward the industrial users. It is suggested also that the water treatment plant when it is built could be a beauty point and that as such, it should not be hidden.

Where possible, if financial circumstances permit, a separate fire protection system should be installed in the main business and commercial districts. A town of this size requires (by National Bureau of Fire Underwriters' standards) storage and pumping facilities capable of 2250 U.S. gallons per minute for a period of ten hours. Some definite start on the procurement of this equipment should be made now in every Alberta town. This water need not be purified if it is kept out of the domestic mains and can be stored in large tanks or dugouts. Many a town would be standing today if it had possessed a two hundred thousand gallon dugout (120 ft. by 150 ft. by 12 ft.), one thousand feet of six inch pipe and a high pressure pump along with the necessary hydrants and other apparatus. The provincial government might do well to further help Alberta centers in obtaining this apparatus. It could also be standardized throughout the province. Such systems might never be used but they could save hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Other utilities such as gas and electricity should be provided for. Gas mains and pole lines should be kept strictly in alleys and the town of course should strive toward the day when all pole lines and overhead wires will be eliminated. This however, depends largely upon the graces of the companies concerned. To control all these utilities, in-



cluding those mentioned above as well as the roads, telephones, sidewalks and all other extensive systems, there should be appointed some central authority. If this were done, costly "errors" would be avoided. Such errors might be the tearing up of a newly paved road to place a water pipe, or the breaking of the water pipe when the ditch for the sewer is dug. Town planning once it is established, should be carried through.

While strictly utilitarian problems should be considered first, the planning commission should not lose sight of the aesthetic aspect of their job. Where a town will ever have beautiful buildings, they should be placed where they may be seen. This can easily be done as has been shown by the location of the buildings on the plan. All the buildings shown can be built in such a manner as to be very pleasing to the eye (the railways should be approached on this subject). The park areas and the arterial roads when properly planted can be made into excellent beauty spots. Buildings and shrubs alone, however, should not be counted upon. There should be beauty in the plan itself.

One feature of this plan is that the civic center is close to the present town and therefore may be developed at the earliest opportunity. The land for this center must be retained at almost any cost.

Other features of this plan are the separation of the residential areas from the railway and the location of the golf course along the highway. This latter tends to improve the impression of the town received by approaching visitors. This golf course area should be developed into a park to include a fair ground and race track and any other such items.

Having created a plan, it is the duty of the people concerned to stick to it. Similarly it must not be made so rigid that it cannot be changed where a definite mistake has been made. The governing body should take immediate steps to reserve all the land required for schools, roads, parks and public buildings, the eventual price to be set by an arbitration board. No building should be allowed on these areas for any reason whatsoever. Only in this way may revisions be avoided. Financing of the plan is best left up to the community concerned, the proportion developed depending upon the resources available. It has been pointed out, however, that town planning will never be really successful in Alberta until we learn that in the long run penny pinching is more expensive.

As Alberta grows so must its towns grow and upon our leaders and planners of today depends the choice of future chaos or order.

Those who dream by day are cognizant  
of many things which escape those who  
dream only by night.—Edgar Allan Poe,  
*Eleonora.*



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# A Bear's Summer

by Helen Rutherford

The Bear woke up one morning late in March to hear water running somewhere, gentle, gurgling, trickling sounds that came up from below his sleeping quarters. He roused himself and crept to the entrance of his den to lie for a while with his nose between his paws, blinking at the bright sunlight on the snow patches covering the flat below. When he crawled from his cave in the canyon at last, sniffing his brown nose up into soft air, scented with the warm pines, he was a fine-looking, young, black bear, and he was on his own for the first time.

Climbing a little up the mountain side, he nibbled new grass growing through the shale rock, then as his pangs of hunger increased he got down to dig with his front feet, rolling the rocks away burrowing and tearing at the tender young roots. When he was less occupied with the need for food, the Bear sat down to bask in the sun, and to lick his paws for a long time while a few chick-a-dees chirped in a low bush near by, and the sound of rushing water came up louder from the canyon.

The Bear stayed around his winter home for part of the spring, eating new leaves, tender shoots, and climbing Balm of Gilead trees to lick the sticky buds, sometimes getting very hungry. One day going up an old road, he turned in at an abandoned lumber camp to poke among the tin cans in the garbage dump. He found things to his liking there until he was interrupted in his banging about, tearing-up, and digging, by the sight of a pack of wolves looking down at him from a height of land above. After a little uncertainty the bear decided to leave that place and amble up the logging road. He hurried a little when he saw the tawny backs of the wolves moving in the grass on each side of the road behind him. Forced

to take a stand, he turned with his back against a steep cut-bank and faced the silent, watchful half-circle of wolves. Snarling and raging, he kept them at their distance until he had an opening to get away to a safe distance to climb a tree. There he stayed until the way was clear for him, and he could come down to start his journey over the mountain.

Up the road the Bear went, turning off through green timber, over a height of land, and down on to Old Man Creek, where there was fresh promise of food. One day, he thought he had found a feast. An old moose carcass lay frozen against a log by the creek, half-buried with twigs, sticks, great branches and frozen moss. Just as he had cleared away a place for himself and crouched to gorge on the great animal, a large grizzly bear came down through the trees, lumbering out over the flat of land looking stern and possessive. The black bear backed away, reluctantly, climbing the bank to squat on haunches to wait. His small greedy eyes intent, he watched while the old grizzly ate and slept and woke to eat again, until at last the black bear got tired waiting and moved on his way. Further along, he stopped at a pile of logs, walking around to give each log his full attention. Then getting down, he tore open a rotten one, scooping up the wildly scrambling ants and the grubs in his mouth, licking his paws for more. A hornet's nest went the same way, but the bear was still very hungry.

Before leaving Old Man Creek, where the water tumbled over rocks, murmured through pebbles, and lay in pools behind great logs, the bear had one good feast. Along a narrow channel of water, a sort of back-wash from the main stream, the climbing bear stopped, to plunge down through moss and stones. In the low water, their

backs already showing in the receding stream, fat bull trout were flipping about helplessly. With his two paws sinking deep into the water the bear snatched with his jaws, gobbling the fish one by one, until the pool was clear of trout. Then climbing again, he flopped to sleep in the sun, his flabby sides well filled out.

The days were warmer, and all the country-side was in bloom. Crossing a grassy meadow, the Bear climbed some hills covered with stubby pine-trees, went down over a low divide to follow up Wild Hay river. There, he moved a little faster, swinging his head to see what he could see. Some mountain sheep, leaping from rock to rock, stopped to look down at him as they licked the shale for mineral as a cow licks a salt stone. A deer lifted his head as he crossed his path, then stepped on down to the river. The spruce trees were filled with the songs of birds. A whiskey-jack flew along after the bear, making his voice like the squawk of a hawk, then coyly stopping to sing like a canary. Higher up where the ground was carpeted with tiny red berries song-sparrows were building their nests under the bushes. Ruffled grouse and spruce partridge slipped quietly through the grass. All the warm smells made the bear swing his nose with pleasure as he climbed.

One day on the right, a great limestone mountain appeared, rising to snowy peaks, and from one of its jagged ledges of broken rocks some mountain goats looked down. To the left, there were lower mountains, covered with stunted trees, heather and moss. The Bear scrambled over the huge boulders to where Rock Lake opened out, a mile wide and a mile long. Through this country he looked tirelessly for food, plunging through burnt timber and rotting logs for insects, and watching beside the lake for rainbow trout. When he reached park land and meadows again, he followed Willow Creek down, giving a forest-ranger's cabin a wide berth, passing by a waterfall that dropped straight down into a pool and turned aside into the timber. Not far along he came out into a clearing where there was a round pool surrounded by poplar trees. It was quiet there. Not a sound or a stir in the air, or a sign of life! The bear sat on his haunches by some freshly fallen trees and looked over the water. After a long while his patience

was rewarded by a faint ripple across the pond, a black nose appeared at the water's edge, and a beaver climbed up the bank to busy himself cutting down a small green poplar. The bear and the beaver were not far apart, but the hungry bear made no noise. A twig snapped suddenly, and the beaver stopped his work to listen. Startled and warned of danger, he started too late for the pond, for the bear was upon him. Most of the next day the Bear stayed around that pool watching for another beaver, but there were no ripples on the water and no beaver appeared, so he went on to Celestine Lake. There, it was too late to see the silver trout, rise in a half-moon over a ripple of water, and the only sound in the dark woods was an owl answering a far hoot from a tree-top.

After travelling almost in a half-circle the Bear arrived down in the valley beside the Athabasca River. There, near a long lake, he had his worst experience. It was a beautiful spot where the water reflected the trees beyond, the purple mountains above, and the blue sky and white clouds overhead. A moose stood off shore poking his head down to the lake bottom for lily roots, young deer were drinking at the far water edge, and a flock of geese sunned themselves on a sand-bar near by. The Bear enjoyed himself racing after the geese, making them take off to circle the lake to settle once more. He swam out to a tiny island to look for duck eggs in the tall grass, and the cold water made him roll in the sand, and go galumphing after the birds again. While he sat scratching his wet back on a rock, two men on horseback rode out of the timber on to the flat and came down the Athabasca trail. Without more ado, the bear started off the other way, breaking into a clumsy gallop when he heard their shouts, bounding along to the only safety in sight, a solitary jack-pine. Scrambling up the old scrub of a tree, he settled half-way on the only branch that would hold him. The two men, who had been looking for lost horses, rode up in no mood to be lenient with a bear. Especially one that they suspected of robbing their camp more than once. One of them took a long coil of rope hanging from his saddle, swung the looped end high and over the bear, jerked it tight, and pulled the helpless animal to the ground; then setting their snorting horses

at a gallop they dragged him away. When they pulled up at some distance, with the bear looking very dead behind them, the two men realized that they had a problem on their hands. They well knew that they were in Jasper National Park, where it was against the law to kill a bear, and at any moment they might meet the game warden along the road. After some talk, they turned their horses, rode down to the river, removed their rope and dumped their victim into the rough water of the Athabasca, where all evidence would be washed away; then they rode on. The Bear not quite dead, was washed on to a sand-bar where he lay gently lapped by the water until he was able to pull himself up on shore to nurse his injuries.

When the Bear went on, he took the far side of the long lake, passing by the relics of the old trading-post where there was nothing but a tumbled down fire-place and a graveyard where the graves of the pioneers and Indians were sodded over by grass, their markers fallen over. It was very hot with the blazing sun on the rocks, and the bear kept to the shade under scattered trees. He made one last detour from the rivers, going around to come up high on the Palisades of Pyramid Mountain to look down into the valley; a valley wide and deep with each end opening out to the far horizon. Below, there were tiny blue lakes, winding roads, the river, the red-roofed toy houses of the town of Jasper with the great grey mountains sweeping up on beyond. Around among the tiny, bright mountain flowers, the bear walked, sniffing into the wind, then down he went on the path at the edge of the cliff that was worn bare by the feet of alpine climbers.

On the outskirts of the town of Jasper, the Bear was served his first meal at the "dump." He joined a great gathering of brown bears, black bears, roly-poly cubs, and old fellows that had come to the dump for a bear's age. They chewed the bones, licked the tin cans, fought each other, clowned for the tourists and slept under the shady trees. When they all wandered off, well-fed, the Bear followed after a shaggy-looking brown bear with four cubs. "Peggy" knew no other life but the dump. She was familiar in the town and the camps, tourists were always snapping a picture (which she

knew how to pose for) because it was unusual to see a bear with four cubs. There were usually two, sometimes three, but never four. Peggy made the onlookers keep their distance, watched for chocolate-bars, and bossed her cubs up a tree when there was danger. She went boldly down the lanes of the town, jumping hedges to sniff at hot dinners. The Bear followed slowly after Peggy to where a train was standing at the red-roofed station, watching while she looked over the loaded trucks standing by. At one, she stopped and her cubs scrambled up on top to feast on a crate of raspberries, while their mother lolled below looking for nothing in particular up the street. When the driver returned shouting angrily, the cubs were going through the trees with Peggy sauntering in the rear.

One night the Bear went down into the town alone. Down a lane, over a hedge and around a dark house he went. At the back porch door something smelled very good. One more trip around the house and he pushed open the porch door and found the ice-box in the corner. The food inside, ham, butter, and eggs, made him oblivious to the closing porch door behind him. The household was aroused. Mrs. Smith had wakened her husband to tell him of the noise on the porch and about her freshly cooked ham, and Ed Smith, heaving his tired self out of bed after a long day on the trail, swore that if it was that thieving dog again he was going to teach him a lesson. When Ed came back from locking the back porch door and went through to the kitchen, his own police dog was lying with his nose to the crack under the back door, every hair on his back standing on end. He opened the door, the dog sprang, and a terrible uproar broke out on the porch, rolling back into the kitchen with the dog and the bear. Ed backed into the dining-room before the two animals, shouting above the din as he climbed to the table-top. Around the room went the bear and the dog, while dishes crashed from the side-board and the table rocked. At last, guided by a faint light, the bear took a dive through a window and landed in the garden, gathered himself together to keep going, with his hateful enemy close behind him. Far out among the trees he stopped at last, and the dog, satisfied to have done his duty turned back home.



After that experience, the Bear found a new place to dine at the dump of luxurious Jasper Park Lodge on Lake Beauvaire. Every day, bears wandered down under the great trees in twos and threes, young bears, big bears, bears with their cubs, all knowing where the food was dumped. When the sun slanted low across the golf-course, the Bear learned to amble down past the tennis courts, the riding stables and bridle-paths, trying with dignity and speed to be the first at the feast. Later, in the dusky evening, drinking the clear cold water of the lake, he would stare down at a fat trout moving lazily below, and up at glimmering Mt. Edith Cavell, before climbing a path that wound up the mountain side. Back in the mountain where there was a berry-patch, he would find a mate, and mark a place for his winter home. Together in the mornings they would go down the path with the sun on their backs and all the world below.

The Bear's new life of ease and security suited him very well. In the Park he grew fat and sleek. He learned like Peggy when to move off and away and when to go boldly into the arena to clown for a treat. There were no more hungry days, or long fruitless tramps through the woods for food. He would forget his days of zestful hunting for food, and his old cunning patience on fishing trips. He would not know where the tenderest roots were in Spring time, or where to find the biggest berries in the summer. The wild duck, hiding her nest on a wind-blown island, would always be safe from him. And the wild geese, flying over the large lakes to settle on sand-bars to bask in the sun, and to tease the ever hopeful and galumphing bears, would wait in vain for him.

For he was a Bear of Property, now standing upright and unctuous beside a tourist's parked car.

## Our Photographs

The photographs appearing in this issue are the work of the Crossroads Camera Club, an organization of photographers of all grades from professional to rank amateur which meets every second Wednesday at 8.00 p.m. in the Edmonton College. The club offers many attractive services to its members, including free instruction for those who desire it, and welcomes interested visitors, who can telephone Mr. W. Talbot at 34857 for information. President of the Club is N. Webster; the secretary, Miss E. Pickering.

# MARR

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# FASHIONS

CITY AND COUNTRY TOGS . . .



# A FOREMOST MAN

By  
G. W.  
ROBERTSON

In a little town every citizen, whatever his position, is known to everyone else and hence is of consequence. However, in most of these same towns there is generally some man to whom people seem to turn instinctively when there is a community project in the offing. In the little town of Foremost in the southeastern corner of this province, T. A. Reynar is such a man.

To the casual visitor who is unacquainted with Mr. Reynar, his home and his family, this fact might require some explanation, for Mr. Reynar has never been a man with great powers of office, of great wealth or of undue influence. However, that same visitor will not be long in Foremost without hearing the name of Mr. Reynar (generally Alf Reynar), and probably that first association will connect the name with some community effort. Since he first came to make his home in Foremost the list of enterprises which he has helped in some way is a long one.

For a long number of years Mr. Reynar was chairman of both the school fair and the school music festival; he has served both as Master of the A.F. and A.M. lodge and as Exalted Ruler of the B.P.O.E. lodge. During the war years the Red Cross was dependent on him for part of the organizing that had to be done in town, and at this same time he served as chairman of the committee in charge of the sale of War Savings Bonds. So on through a long list of interests that range from curling and hockey to baseball and the Wheat Pool, Mr. Reynar has either taken an active part or

shown a lively interest. Perhaps a very similar record could be established for several other men in that same community. Therefore we must look to the records to find out how our candidate came to hold the position he now does in the estimation of his fellows.

It was in the year of 1926 that Foremost first came to know the Reynar family. That year Mr. and Mrs. Reynar came with their family of two, a growing girl and a boy not yet of school age. (Here we break in briefly to say that the growing girl later graduated as a nurse and is now the mother of two and has made her home in New Westminster, B.C.; and the little boy is the Jack Reynar, well known to many on the campus as a senior medical student, and one who completed a tour of operations in the Air Force). They came from a homestead in the Forty Mile Municipality which is situated directly north of Foremost. We will now proceed to tell a bit of the early days there and, after rounding out our story, will return to Forty Mile for our conclusion.

The story of the municipality of Forty Mile is a remarkable one. Set up and functioning after the First Great War, it was a working unit with the beginnings of a tradition by the time the great crop years of 1915 and 1916 came along. Through all those terrible years of drought that followed, when other municipalities folded up to be administered by an appointed reeve, and when so many of the early settlers were moving away that it seemed the whole area would be abandoned, Forty Mile carried on and the record of its annual meetings, its unbroken series of elected reeves and the story of its methods of dealing with problems that even now seem virtually insuperable, are there for any to read who wish to do so. Many of the men who served as reeve in those earlier days have long since passed away but their names linger on and their methods are not forgotten — Tom Walker, Tom Whittle, Teddy Barnes and the rest.

Although Mr. Reynar served continuously as secretary of Forty Mile for thirty years he was not the first secretary, but the men who held the position before him were there for only a year or so before giving it up. In 1926 the office of the Municipality of Forty Mile was moved to Foremost, where it shared the premises of two other municipalities. For the fourteen years after 1926, that is, until 1940, Mr. Reynar served as secretary of three municipalities.

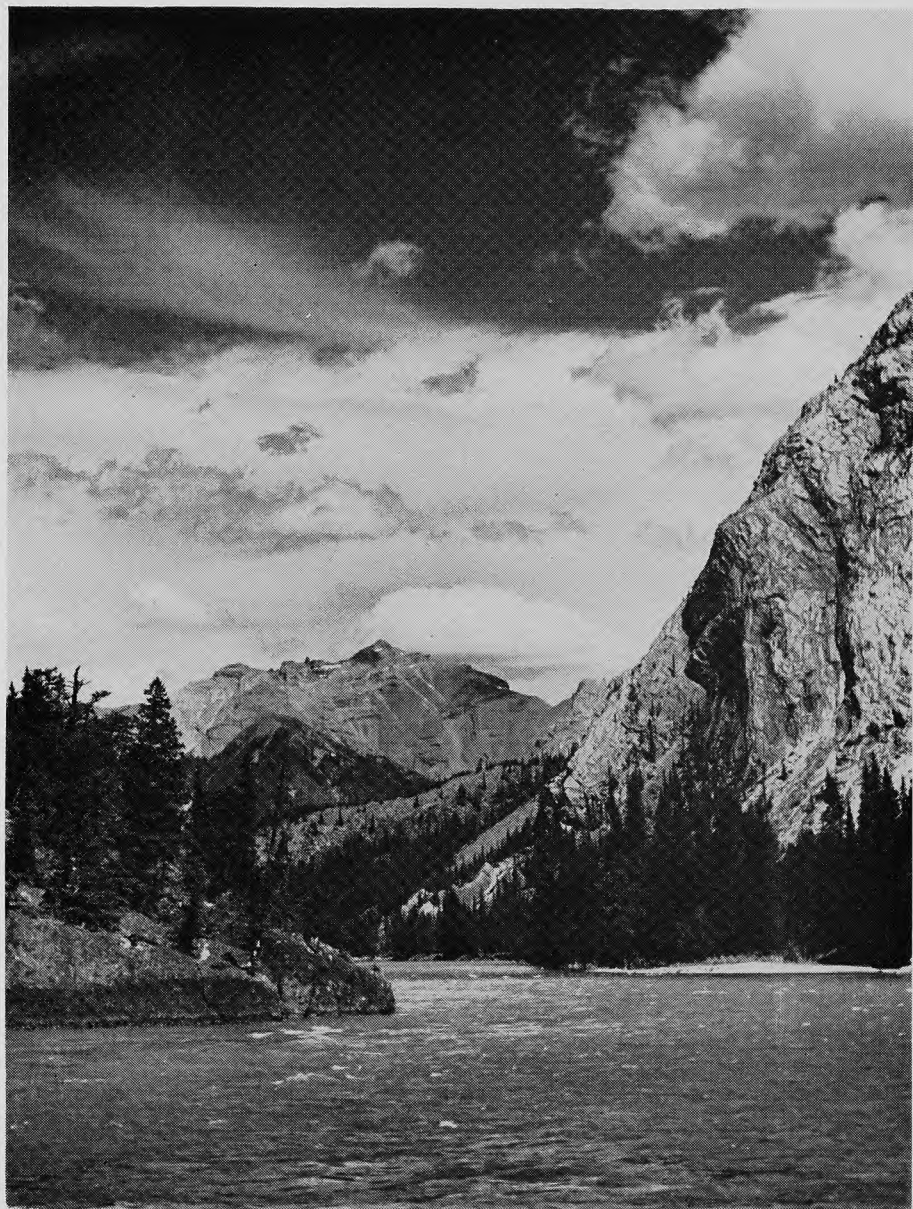
To tell of the changes in the nature of the problems that confronted a municipality then and now would be tedious, but we can suggest something of their extent if we say that in those early days one of the best pieces of equipment for working on the road was a fresno and the source of power was a four-horse team. Today all the maintenance work on roads in Forty Mile is done with a self-propelled road maintainer; for several years the best road in the municipality was put up by a blade grader and much of the road was only a trail running along the road allowance; today there are two standard gravelled highways crossing the municipality and most of the secondary roads leading to the main highways are elevated grades. Problems have ranged from the issuance of relief seed, feed and groceries to the supplying of grasshopper bait and the providing of gopher poison. The end is not yet.

From the concerns of the Municipality of Forty Mile we must turn to consider one of the interests of Foremost that has received constant attention of both Mr. and Mrs. Reynar since their coming to town, and perhaps the one by which they will be longest remembered. They have made Sunday school a major interest in their home and public life. Very few children indeed have grown up in Foremost during the past quarter of a century without knowing either Mr. or Mrs. Reynar as a Sunday school teacher. Children who have heard the church bell in Foremost call them to Sunday school have grown up and gone far afield. Even now when Sunday comes, in all probability, their thoughts follow pathways familiar to them in their younger years.

A town is a living thing. In the normal course of events there are destructive forces, such as fire, that in some ways offset the gains of past years and sometimes make possible the forward progress of the community. So it is in Foremost. That little town today is scarcely recognizable as the one to which the Reynars came nearly twenty-five years ago. At one time a fire destroyed most of one side of Main Street; another wiped out the garage which had served as a livery stable in the first part of the history of the town; still later another fire took away the old hotel which had been with the town from the time the townsite was laid out. So on it went, but after each fire the part of the town that had been destroyed was replaced by buildings of better appearance and of more substantial construction than any before that time. In time some of the older buildings were simply torn down and moved away to be replaced by better structures. More recently, since the organization of the school division, a new school house has been built with facilities far more adequate than was even deemed possible as recently as ten years ago. Such are the changes that a man witnesses in the life of the community. Mr. Reynar has seen all these things and many others happen to the Foremost with which he has become so closely identified.

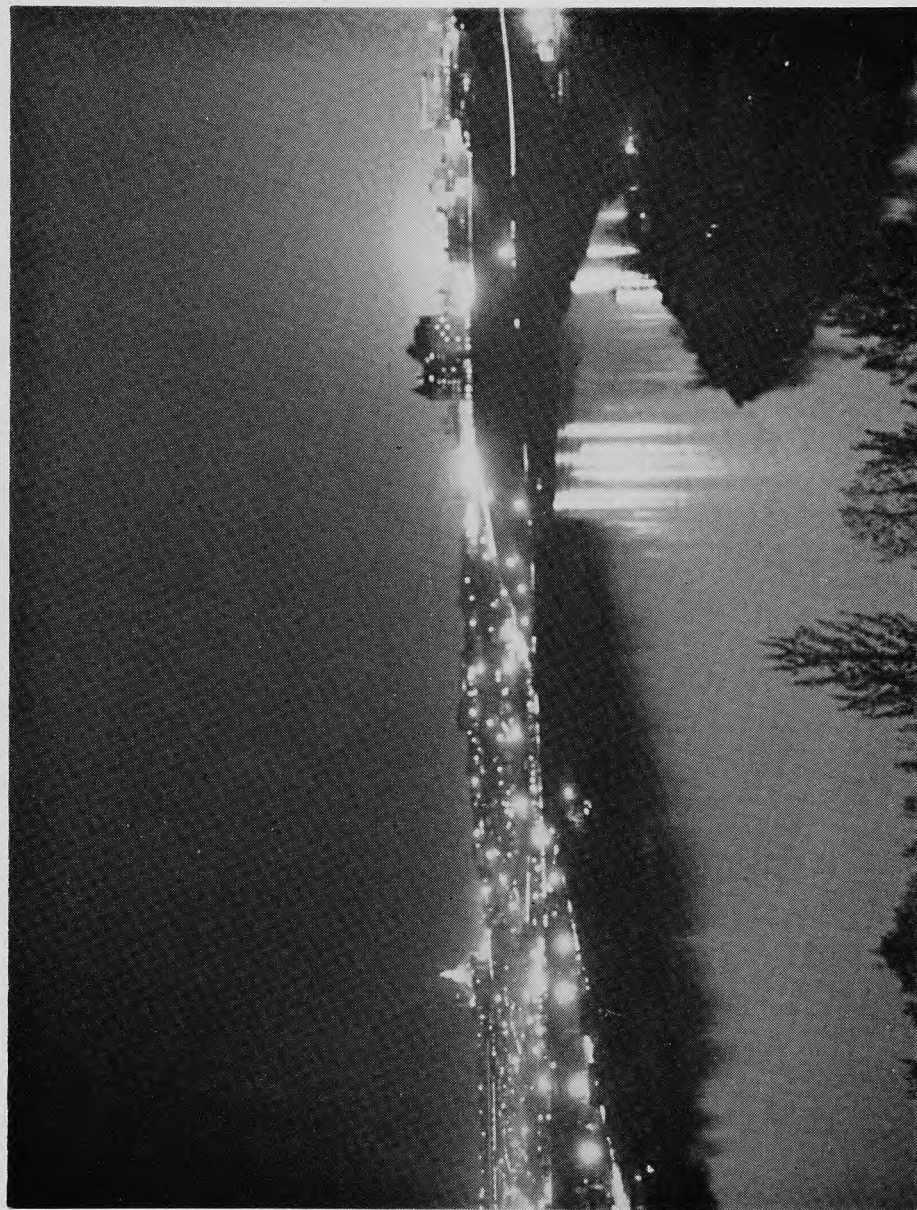
As we promised above we must now return to Forty Mile to complete our story. Soon Forty Mile, in the normal course of events, will be no more. The three southern townships of that old municipality are being merged with the large municipality centred on Foremost, and the six townships that formed the northern part of Forty Mile are being merged with the big district centring on Bow Island. So passes Forty Mile and since there is no Forty Mile there need be no secretary.

Perhaps this development marks the closing of yet another chapter in the story of pioneering in Alberta. Mr. Reynar was a homesteader, but what is more, he knew the men who had come earlier than himself. He earned their confidence. His part as helper, consultant, adviser and friend has been a big factor in the story of the little town of Foremost.



BELOW THE FALLS— BANFF

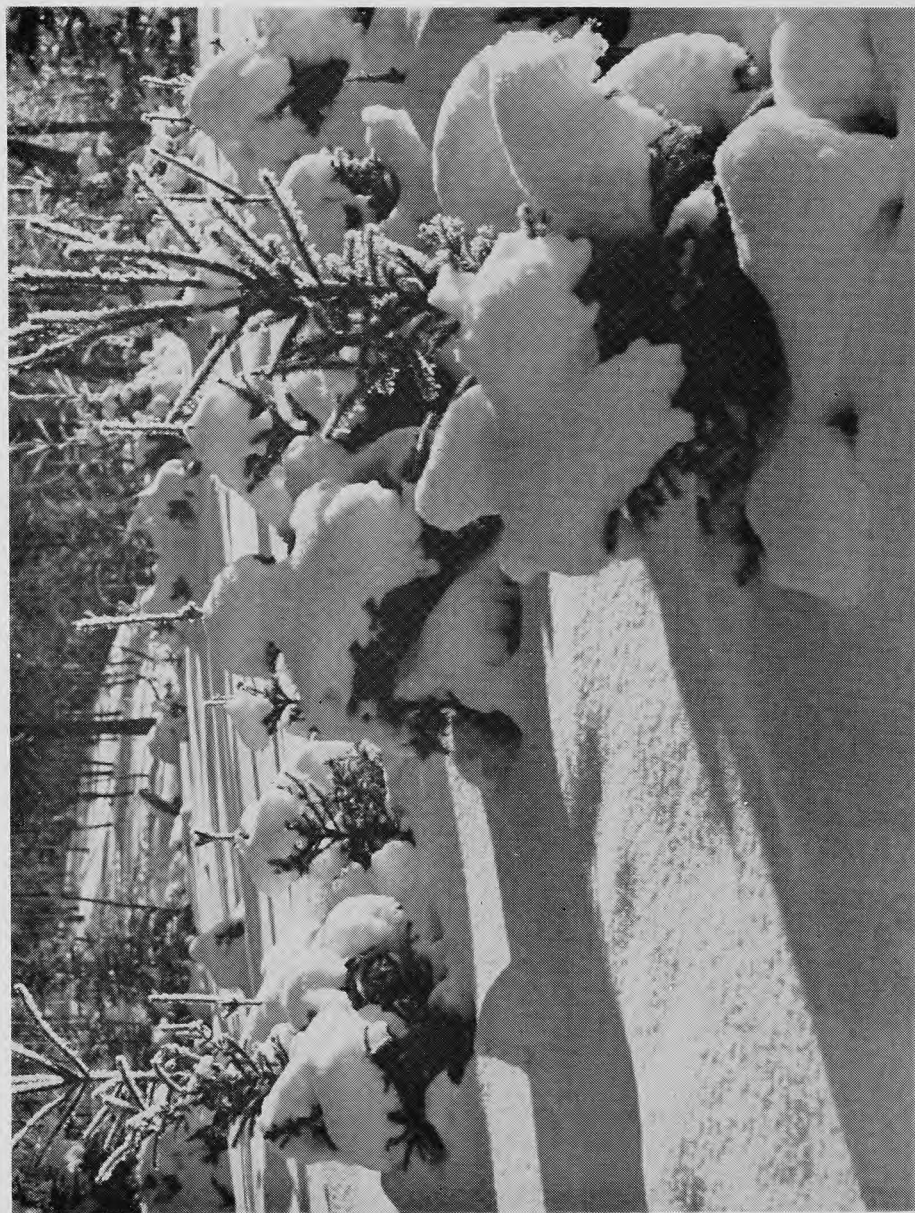
By Keith Robin.



EDMONTON BY NIGHT

By W. J. Talbot.





FEBRUARY SUN

By R. Wood.





"Dreaming, When Dawn's Left Hand Was  
In The Sky . . ."

By C. Heath.

# INTO OUR NEW HOUSE

By M. MARJORIE LEE

The Canadian artist is always trying to explain Canada to its inhabitants and to the rest of the world, but his art lacks something; if it were not so, we would not have to work so hard to interest others and make them aware of it. Certainly there is much that is good in it, but somehow it won't bear display alongside great artistic masterpieces, ancient or modern.

Professor Barker Fairley of Toronto University has suggested that one of the shortcomings of Canadian painting is that it has failed to show the human being integrated into the Canadian scene, but contents itself with mere landscape; if the human being appears at all, he is merely incidental, not integral. This statement is probably applicable, in a sense, to the other arts in Canada also. But could the artist honestly paint otherwise? For weeks, during midwinter, had anyone asked for my impression of Canada, I should have said that it was cold. It was cold; so cold that nothing else was important. And if I were going to paint Canadian Winter, I should paint a gigantic frozenness with a dot of hunched, hurrying human being setting toward a slightly larger dot of home wherein one is free to imagine heat and comfort. The snows might be beautifully terraced, trimmed with hoar frost laces, smiled upon by a clear and delicately tinted sky: the snow might be of those smooth blended blues that one sees under the evening star when it shines big and solitary, yet I defy anyone to look "at home" in it, to look comfortable, as if he were warmly clasping that frost-clawed hand of nature. And if your artist paints a group of cheerful, cherry-cheeked skiers, attractive as they may be both to him and to me, I shall suspect he knows nothing of Canadian Winter. He has picked upon those who toy with its fringes, who can live in

warm houses and venture out at will for an hour or so, or a fine promising weekend. Fair-weather sailors! He might better have turned to a mahogany-skinned farmer who has to tend his stock 'over on the other place' every day. He would know the true face of our winter — and feed his stock with all dispatch and turn his back on either storm or calm, glad to see home. This man may be a true hero, braving cold and isolation and monotony; it may be that we owe him a saga, but somehow I doubt that it can ever be adequately written.

Something of this is true of Western Canada in all its moods and seasons. Nothing, I am sure, is more beautiful than the grain fields fattening in the late summer, yet I cannot think of this scene without thinking it Vast. That is one of its basic characteristics, a vastness which dwarfs mere man, even if he has made the scene what it is. He may be present in an artistic representation, a tiny, featureless figure on a machine somewhere, yet if that essential quality of vastness is to be artistically portrayed, the man must lose his identity in the process.

I have seen mile after mile of neglected fences dragging flimsily through the semi-arid plains of South-eastern Alberta, and those fences, the only evidences of man other than the road which he had demanded of the desert, seemed as futile and foolish as if their maker had attempted to set confines to primeval desolation. As the sun set over that land, the dust, which is usually present in its uneasy air, took on the colour of blood, swirled, turned, settled and rose over the landscape with its puny fences, a beautiful, eerie no-man's-land. Before this scene you could only feel a stranger, a rather silent one.

Against all this the Canadian people are pitting themselves, and their refusal to accept environment just as it was found, but rather to change it to satisfy human needs is one of the things which distinguishes man from the other animals. But until this fight has been fairly won and the Canadian is at home—neither at war nor a spectator, but at home in his environment—his art will suffer. Wordsworth has said that poetry, and

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## Cantrums

by J. R. Washburn

### 1. LAKE LOUISE

Between the long, voluptuous hills, my  
    dear,  
The sterile, deadly glacier.  
God tried to melt it  
But He had no money.

### 2. THE SPHERE

Outside, the awful sickening swoop of  
    earth's rotation  
Vacuum sucking at the air.  
Priest riding 'round in the middle,  
Polishing with his coatsleeve his Rotary  
    pin.

### 3. EPICURE

"'Tis always a mistake to serve a soup.  
Just fills one up and spoils the appetite."  
And now, perforce we'll take thick con-  
    somme  
Of all those old ham-bones we stored at  
    Belsen.

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he might have said most art, "takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity". Our battle with nature is still too intensely present to give us a chance to achieve that maturer outlook.

The war correspondent sits down, in the heat of battle, to record it; it may make fascinating chronicle, yet we do not turn to it if we want a whole picture of the battle. He may have truly reported what he saw from his vantage point, yet until it has be-

come history, and all the reports have been collected and considered, together with the aftermath of the battle, the true significance of the details he observed cannot be predicted. War communiques do not make great literature. Their author has all the ingredients for a fine story: clash, courage, challenge, response—but he does not know the ending. Nor does the Canadian artist know what shall be the end of the struggle he is witnessing. If we read now of the proud days when Americans were breaking open the great wheatlands of the mid-west, of the courage, resolution and optimism that went into that undertaking and then place this record beside Steinbeck's description of the dust-bowl during the hungry 30's, how are all the fine phrases turned to irony! Perhaps this difficulty of seeing and understanding the whole struggle of man versus nature because of its infinite aspects, its vast extension through time and across area, is the reason why this greatest of all human dramas is so difficult to write. You cannot stage it, because one of the protagonists is mute. It has too many dimensions to be compressed into any one work of art, and if a selection is made of one incident or another, the greatness of the whole subject is belittled.

And of how much interest is the greatest fact of our Canadian life, the fact of man subduing nature, to the rest of the world which has long since passed this stage and acquired centuries of sophistication? Other civilizations have made their mighty myths which were the finest imaginative expression of man's struggle with nature. Prometheus, the fire-bringer, the story of Genesis, mischief-maker Loki—they have all been created so well that they need no remaking, nor could we do it if it were called for, for a logic has passed into our thinking since their times which would make our attempts at myths mere pretence. The struggle with nature is no longer the concern of the artist so much as of the historian, the scientist and the statistician. The world's greatest and most enduring art has been produced by men who have understood, with Pope, that man is the proper subject for man's study. Greek, Latin, European art all became great when man had so completely mastered his environment or integrated himself with it, that he could afford to refer to it casually.

Even the 'Nature' artists such as Wordsworth or Turner did not draw their landscapes merely for the sake of the scenes themselves, but in some sense possessed the scenes they recreated, making nature render certain emotions to man for his pleasure. Shakespeare could turn his pampered beauties into the wilderness of Arden's forest without too much anxiety; in those woods man might expect to find "tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." What should forlorn beauty do in the vast wastes of our northern hinterland, in the forests of the Northern Shield—or New Brunswick—or the Rockies? What should she do in the snow-bound prairies, or if she should be shipwrecked upon the coasts of Labrador? The hero who should rescue her, if anyone could, needs one of two things: primitive strength and cunning or else the latest mechanical gadget which could give him the necessary advantage over the uncompromising environment. I remember reading somewhere in the works of Lin Yutang of his amazement that North American youth was so vitally concerned with the ownership of a motor car, which he said the educated young Chinese would consider a toy to be indulged in only after the more important business of establishing proper human relationships had been attended to. But the motor car is a symbol, in our vast land, of man's ability to conquer the vastness. Every summer inevitable hordes of tourists shuttle restlessly to and fro over the continent to return home and recount holiday adventures, not in terms of people met nor of places seen and comprehended, but in terms of miles per hour, miles per gallon, etc. Nothing is quite comparable to the miracle of the motor car. And so it is that our hapless maiden, stranded in the midst of frozen, sparsely inhabited prairie, will welcome any-

one at all, so that he be equipped with Ford or Studebaker. Or if she be further afield, he had better have a helicopter or plane mounted on skis. Whether or not he should possess any particular cultural attributes is not at all essential. Any human speech: "Hi, baby!" "Well, well, fancy meeting you here!" or "Dr. Livingstone, I presume!" is subtlety, true wit, deep wisdom under the circumstances. The mere sound of a human voice here would be sufficient to establish communication, and that is the whole miracle in these surroundings. Essential speech, here, becomes primitive, and anything beyond that essential is merely trivial. But unfortunately, most of the world is not particularly interested in primitivism, but has passed on to the stage where man in his social environment is the prime interest.

I would not suggest that primitivism is the only characteristic that Canadian artists must consider. We can have, and do have, much fine local art with quite different characteristics. But the artist with the large view of the whole country cannot escape the man-swallowing vastness, nor the vision of the little islands of civilization, precariously tied together with thin bands of railway, vigorously pushing their boundaries outward in unending battle.

The Canadian artists must, of course, continue trying to explain Canada and its people to the rest of the world, trying, as it were, to invite others into our house, to entertain them graciously and show them how we live. But it is hard to entertain in a new house where you are scarcely at home yet, and until you are assured the decor is just right. And it is hard to feel at home in such a huge house where so many of the rooms are unfurnished; the corridors are so long, and so many of the rooms lie dark on either side.





By *H. U. WEEKES*

# THE COLONEL COULD BE WRONG

In the fine old-fashioned armchair that had somehow grown too large for him, Sam Brayley sat quietly, his stubby whiskers a white halo about the merry wrinkles of his face, his bright old eyes staring past the darkening verandah to the street beyond, seeing things that were not there. He did not see the shadows that leaped about the ancient poplars he had planted, nor hear them shouting with the voices of children grasping at precious, stolen minutes of play while adult figures stood in the light from open doorways, and adult voices called, and called again, impatiently. From inside the house, Susan's voice came indistinctly, its accents muffled by the heavy, green plush drapes at the open window. Somewhere a dog barked, adding its voice to the sounds that jumbled in the old man's mind, and mixed together with other, remembered, sounds to give life to the familiar, colorful pictures that flashed on the screen of his memory, pictures of that other day when he, Young Sam Brayley, marched home with the victorious Volunteers and the news that Riel was caught and the war was over.

A deeper voice joined Susan's in the living room. That would be Bob, of course, Bob Granger, still in his uniform, his mind not yet accustomed to the ways of peace. Sam was worried about Susan and Bob, and their problems interfered with the pictures. From the sound of their voices, he concluded they were arguing again, going over and over the same question of whether they should be married before Bob had a job, and a home to take Susan to, and failing to settle anything, just as they had before. Bob was a young fool for wanting to wait, Sam decided. Well, he wasn't the only one Sam had known.

The pictures were flashing again, and Sam looked down the length of the dusty, unpaved street of the old fort town, seeing the low log buildings on either side, and the

people lining the narrow, rough-hewn sidewalks. The women were waving as the tired little troop of Volunteers swung by, while the men, older in their homespun clothes than Sam remembered them, stood stiffly at attention, ignoring the children who pushed between them to catch a glimpse of the passing soldiers. Dogs barked with excitement, frisking about the older boys who ran beside the marching men, taking giant steps to keep in time with the single patched drum.

Young Sam Brayley — Sergeant Brayley now—marched stiffly behind the troop, his face straight to the front, his eyes twisting in their sockets to find Margaret in the crowd. They moved on up the street, and still she was invisible until suddenly, almost in the shadow of the crumbling walls of the old fort, there she was, in the bright print dress he remembered, her dark hair piled high above the pale forehead, her brown eyes bright with tears, her lips smiling. It seemed to Sam that she waved, and then the troop swung around the corner and into the meeting hall that served as armory.

It was quiet outside the verandah now, for the children were gone, and the doors along the street were closed. Susan came out of the front door with Bob behind her, and paused beside the old man's chair. Susan was much more like Margaret, Sam thought, than her mother had been. Susan had the same generous, eager mouth. Hers, too, was Margaret's chin, whose determination had somehow skipped a generation, and if Susan were taller by an inch or two, then Margaret had been just so much the broader. Together, they would have been called sisters; apart, they would have been indistinguishable. Susan was a fine-looking girl, her grandfather decided.

"Bob wants me to go for a drive, gramps," she told him. "Will you be all right?"



"We won't be long, Mr. Brayley," Bob offered. "Susan and I have some things to settle, and it seemed a drive . . . You know how it is," he finished lamely.

"Of course I'll be all right," Sam declared with just a trace of irritation. Susan was always acting as if a man couldn't look after himself at eighty-one. "It's almost bedtime, anyway," he added, to make her feel more comfortable.

Sam was glad to see them going out together, yet he sighed as he watched them move stiffly and politely down the walk and get into the car. He supposed he would have to think of something if they couldn't solve their own problems. The car whined into life and disappeared around the corner. Probably they would end up in the park, Sam thought.

The park had been there as long as Sam could remember, but it had been different in those early days. It was wilder, for one thing, with more underbrush, and narrow paths winding among the trees, and there had been nothing for light but stars and moonlight to guide them the night he and Margaret had sought its solitude. They had had a problem, too, Margaret and he, and it was strange that, two generations later, Susan and Bob should be trying to solve the same one. Sam shifted his meagre frame uneasily. It was bedtime, he decided, and stood up, but he did not go inside. The thoughts of other days were whirling in his mind, and in a moment he was moving down the steps, and across the walk, and turning left along the silent street towards the park, once more Young Sam Brayley, Volunteer.

They hadn't stayed long in the meeting house. Colonel Short, their commander, his wide moustache bristling as fiercely as ever, his back stiffly straight in spite of a weariness as great as the troop's, made his final address to the men as short and brisk as the man himself.

"The campaign is over," he said, "and the war with it. When you have turned in your rifles, you are free to go. You've learned how to fight, and you've learned discipline; you'll need both more than ever from now on. You may care to know that I have commanded men before, but never better ones. Sergeant, you may take over, and dismiss the men."

The whole troop cheered, and the people who had crowded in at the door cheered

with them, but the Colonel showed no sign that he heard. He stalked through the crowd at the doorway, and out into the street, and down a block to the Murchison House. It didn't take long after that to get the rifles counted and locked away, and then it was Sam's turn to follow the men out of the meeting house, with Margaret on his arm. Now the war was over and he had something to look forward to. The afternoon and evening passed quickly in the happiness of being home.

With the new day, however, came more sober thoughts, and the problem of making a living was serious and important. There were jobs enough, to be sure, but when a man is nineteen, and with a woman on his mind, things aren't as simple as that. Sam had to establish himself, start building a home, and these things took time, energy, and good common sense. To bolster his own ideas, Sam sought the advice of an older man, one he'd learned to depend on, his old commander, Colonel Short.

Old Sam Brayley saw with surprise that he had reached the steps leading into the park, and that the moon had come up over his shoulder, big and yellow and peering as it strove to penetrate the shadows that lay below. The faintest hint of a breeze plucked at the old man's coat, ruffled the white fringe of whiskers on his chin, whispered in the darkness, and urged him down the steps.

When Young Sam found the Colonel perched in a rustic armchair tilted dangerously against the half-cut logs of the Murchison House, he managed somehow to blurt out his story, and that in spite of the grins of Jim Painter and the black-bearded barman who listened from the open door. The Colonel listened to Sam's problem gravely, accenting his attention by tugs at his moustache with his left hand, or flickings of cigar ash with his right. When Sam had finished, the Colonel nodded his head.

"Women!" he snorted, "They're at the bottom of practically every trouble of man. I never could stand 'em, myself. Always trying to make a man do something his better sense tells him not to. A man's a fool to have anything to do with 'em."

"Well, you see, Colonel, that isn't quite . . ."

"I know. You don't agree with me. Not many do, but I'm right, just the same. You'll

find out. Just now you think you're in love with — with . . . ”

“With Margaret Kerrihan, Colonel.”

“Yes. Just so. Old Man Kerrihan's daughter. Better than most women at that, though it's saying little for her. Well, what does she think of you?”

“She wants to get married right off, Colonel.”

“Of course she does!” the Colonel snorted. “Women always want to get married. They spend half their lives trying to marry some man, and the other half moaning because they did. And what do you think of her idea, Sergeant?”

“Well, I'd like the notion well enough, sir, but the trouble is, I don't figure I'm ready yet, getting back only yesterday and all. I've aimed to have a home ready for her first. She says we don't have to wait for that. She says we could make our start together, but I'm not so sure about that. I thought if maybe we waited a couple of years . . . ”

The Colonel set his feet down on the worn boards with a crash. “You're dead right, Brayley,” he declared. “A man hasn't a chance to get anywhere if he's got a woman hanging to him. You've got the right idea; now, stick to it, and don't let her make a fool out of you. She'll like you all the better for it, too. Women are like that, Sergeant. Women!” he snorted again, heaving himself out of his chair and stamping off for another cigar.

The old man paused for a moment at the foot of the steps, looking back up the hill at the trees darkly silhouetted against the night sky, listening to the restless night sounds all about him. Presently he took the path that led from the foot of the steps into the quiet shadows of the park. A single step and he was remembering again.

By the time he left the Colonel, Young Sam's mind was made up, and he knew he wasn't going to change it. Margaret could say what she pleased, and she would, but the support of a home was a man's responsibility, and he couldn't come straight back from the wars and get married on a moment's notice. He had to have something to offer a woman, first. If he took a job at Keepler's mill, or went freighting with Frank Tyson, why, in a couple of years he'd have something to start out with, like

a man should. It was time to have it out with Margaret, once and for all.

Sam expected trouble, and he got it. At his very first words on the subject, Margaret's smile faded from her pretty face as though she'd wiped it off with a towel, and its place was taken with the high color of her anger. She pointed a slender finger accusingly at Sam.

“You've been listening to that Colonel Short,” she charged.

“Well,” Sam admitted, “I did sort of speak to him about us, wanting to get his view of it, but he didn't say anything that I hadn't already figured out for myself.”

“Oh, he didn't? Sam Brayley, do you mean to tell me you don't want us to get married?”

“Now look, Margaret. I didn't say that. I just meant that in a couple of years or so, if we waited . . . You would wait for me, wouldn't you?”

“I don't see why I should,” she announced. “If you don't care enough to want to — anyway, I haven't time to talk about it now. You can come back tonight — if you want to,” she said, and pushed him out of her father's cabin, and slammed the door in his face, leaving him gasping and wondering if perhaps the Colonel hadn't been right about women.

The moon was higher now, and its beams followed Sam Brayley as he made his way into the park, and ran ahead, tracing little leaf patterns all around him, and leaving a luminescence vibrating in the air, hanging in tiny particles that were partly dust from the traffic above the hill, and partly stardust. The paths were straight now, where they had once meandered, and solid concrete where they had once been yielding earth, but Old Sam scarcely noticed the change. The tall trees were the same; older, perhaps, and fewer, but the ones that survived were the very ones that had been there that other night. The stars were the same, and the moonlight, and the strange, humming magic in the air that was so faint he could hardly hear it, but had rather to feel the sound of it. It was all there, just as it had been before, lovely and unexplainable. Sam hummed a tune he had almost forgotten as he shuffled along.

The Colonel would have criticized the speed with which Young Sam made his way

back to Margaret's that night, but he would have been pleased with the way he announced his decision, and stuck by it. Margaret cried a little, and Sam felt sorry for her until he saw there was precious little sadness in her tears. Margaret was mad clear through, and she'd have raised the roof clear off her father's cabin if Sam hadn't suggested they walk a little. It was natural their steps should take them toward the park, and there, under the same old trees that would always be there, they had settled their problem for good and all.

Old Sam Brayley's steps slowed as the trees drew apart to form a great open space dominated by the dark stone statue that stood in its very centre. At that very moment the moon threw aside the wisp of cloud that had clung to it, and shone full upon the solid base, and upon the solitary stone figure that lolled comfortably atop of it in an easy chair of stone. The light fell, too, upon the inscription carved deeply into the solid rock.

To  
Colonel William Robert Short  
and to  
The Volunteers He Commanded  
This Monument is Raised  
by a  
Grateful Community.  
8th September,  
1886

The sculptor had done his work well, Sam decided, looking up again at the stone figure, for every line was just as he remembered the Colonel, even to his fierce moustaches and the ever present cigar, every feature so life-like one could easily expect the stone man to speak. Sam's hand rose in a shaky half salute.

"Well, Colonel," the old man mused aloud, "You've got your monument, and I guess you deserved it. There was precious little any of the rest of us could have done without you. It's just a pity your advice wasn't as good as your strategy."

Sam settled himself on a bench and glanced again at the stone figure. Perhaps the light and shadow were playing tricks with him, or perhaps the reality of the past in his mind had something to do with it, or perhaps it really was so, but this time the man of rock seemed to Sam to have uncrossed his legs and leaned over to look

angrily at him. However it was, Sam stuck to his guns.

"The advice you gave me," he maintained, "was the worst one man ever gave another. Nothin' to it but plain darned foolishness, and you should have known better. There were Bill Cary and Gus Hencher wearing their hearts out for Margaret Kerrihan, and both of them with cabins of their own, and something to offer her besides, and you telling me to wait until I'd got myself established. You might have known what would happen if I did. You fought the Indians to a standstill, all right, and maybe for that they should have made you a general, but for givin' advice, you were just a plain old fool!"

He looked up to see how the Colonel was taking it, and now he was in no doubt that the statue moved. The man of stone leaped from his chair with a roar that filled the whole clearing, and strode to the edge of his pedestal to glare down at Sam Brayley.

"A fool, am I?" the Colonel roared. "It's you that's the fool, Sam Brayley, and you can take that as you like. I warned you! I told you she'd try to make a fool out of you! I told you she'd lie to you, just the same as any woman. I told you . . .!"

It was Sam Brayley's turn to leap to his feet. "You take that back!" he challenged. "Margaret never lied to anyone, least of all to me. Why, if you were down here, I'd . . ."

"You'd what?" the Colonel demanded, heaving himself stiffly off the pedestal and coming to stand toe to toe with his former sergeant. "Call me an old fool, will you? Well, who told you Bill Cary or Gus Hencher was in love with her, eh? Who told you?"

Sam refused to retreat. "Why, Margaret said . . ."

"I knew it," the Colonel declared triumphantly. "She told you. That proves she was lying. Why, Bill Cary was saving to bring his wife out from the east, and Gus Hencher was as crazy about Mamie Saunders as you were over Margaret, and you let her hoodwink you into . . ."

Old Sam's false teeth chattered with rage. "Now you just wait a minute, you — you fossil," he yelled. "I never said she told me they were in love with her. I said she wouldn't promise to wait, and I thought the rest of it myself."

"The more fool you," snorted the man of stone. "You're just lucky you didn't marry her, that's all. She wasn't even reliable, no more than any woman is. She left town less than a month after you came to see me, and I never heard any more of her."

"You didn't even know what was going on around you," Sam said disgustedly. "Why, we were married the very next day, and she left town to follow me to our new homestead up river. I've got a grand-daughter old enough to get married," Sam boasted.

The Colonel just stood there and looked at Sam out of his stone eyes, and never said a word, though his left hand kept tugging at his moustache. "Let's walk a bit," he suggested finally. "I get awfully stiff up there."

Sam Brayley was still fuming, but he fell into step with his old commander.

"You know, Sam," Colonel Short confided as they left the path and stepped out across the grass, "I wondered why I never heard any more of you. You had the makings of a real soldier, or maybe a public man, if you hadn't chucked your chances away. You could have done something for this country."

"Margaret and I had three boys and a girl," Sam argued, "and every one of them did well. They had children too, lots of 'em. That's what builds up a country."

"Nonsense!" the Colonel snorted. "You can always get people, too many of 'em mostly, but you don't make a country with people. It's the leaders that count. You could have been . . ."

The stone man broke off as the lights of a car appeared at the top of the hill and swept in a wide circle down into the park. Sam looked away as the lights fell upon them, and saw a single shadow—his own—stagger and leap away into the darker places among the trees.

"I don't like those things," the Colonel complained. "They're forever disturbing my rest."

"Let's sit down for a bit," Sam suggested.

They found a bench close by and rested for a while in companionable silence. The Colonel puffed vigorously on his stone cigar. Presently Sam heard a car door slam, and then voices, a man's and a girl's, coming nearer through the shadows. They stopped on the other side of the tree against which

rested the bench upon which the old men sat. The Colonel, deep in thought, didn't seem to notice.

"But I tell you it's no use, darling," the man was saying. "My mind is made up. We can't get married until I've got a start, something I can count on. I've got to be sure I can support a wife, and then we'll get married."

"Wouldn't it be worth while to make sure of a wife, too?" the girl asked, too politely.

"Why, that's my grand-daughter!" Sam cried. "That's Susan!"

The Colonel came out of his reverie with a jerk. "What are you talking about?" he demanded.

Sam repeated his discovery. "She wants to marry the young man with her," he explained, "but the young fool wants to wait until he has been back from the war longer, and has got a start."

"My God, another one!" the Colonel exclaimed. "Well, this one seems to show more sense. Now be quiet, while I listen."

" . . . and it's just because I love you that I can't agree to get married right away," the young man was saying, a mixture of annoyance and anger and despair in his voice.

"You're just afraid that I might help you," the girl challenged, "and then you couldn't say you'd done it all yourself. You're just being stupid."

"Women!" the Colonel snorted.

"I'm being stupid? Because I want to have something to offer you, you say I'm . . ."

"Reasonable young fellow," the stone man commented, approvingly.

"He's a young fool," Sam insisted. "Why, I'm going to tell him so right now." He tried to rise from the bench, but the Colonel held him back.

Susan was speaking again. "Oh, let's not talk about it any more; not tonight, anyway. It isn't right to spoil an evening like this, arguing. Come over here, Bob."

"Don't you do it," the Colonel warned. "Why, if that young idiot doesn't watch out, she'll have him hog-tied in ten minutes. I'd better show him his danger," he decided, jumping to his feet.

Sam's old joints fairly cracked as he leaped to block the path of the man of stone. "You mind your own business and leave them alone," he ordered. "Maybe they can



work this out by themselves, like Margaret and I did, but it's not up to you to interfere."

The Colonel's moustaches were bristling again. "She isn't playing fair," he declared, "no more than Margaret did. You can't trust any woman. Now get out of my way. That's one young man who's going to hear the truth." He stepped quickly around the old man and made for the other side of the tree.

Old Sam Brayley shuffled after him as fast as he could, but his old pins were no match for the legs of the man of stone. In a moment the damage would be done. Sam shuddered at the memory of how close he had come to losing Margaret and the happiness she had brought him. The least he could do was protect his own grand-daughter from the same danger, but the Colonel was almost past the tree. Only a fringe of underbrush separated the stone man from his goal.

"Stop!" Sam Brayley cried. The Colonel took yet another step forward. Desperation mounted and whirled frantically in the old man's brain as he sought a way to stop him. "You mustn't interfere," he shrilled, and then, in sudden inspiration, "You can't interfere. You're dead!"

At Sam's words, the Colonel stopped in mid-stride, as though all at once he had encountered a solid wall, and then suddenly he seemed to dissolve in the moonlight right before Sam's eyes, and in a moment he wasn't there at all. Sam hurried to the place where the Colonel had been, but, as he reached it, a hidden root grasped at his old feet and pulled him down. The earth leaped upward to meet him, and the moonlight went out.

When it came on again, Sam found himself lying comfortably in the back seat of Bob's car, with his head on Susan's lap. Through waves of dizziness, indeed, he seemed to see his grand-daughter's face glowing with happiness. Sam closed his eyes tightly, and then opened them again. She was glowing. "Then the Colonel didn't stop you," he murmured fuzzily.

Susan's radiance could not be dimmed even by the moonlight outside the car, nor her concern for him. She smiled down on him. "Just lie back and take it easy, Gramps," she counselled. "The whole world couldn't stop us now!"

Sam's whiskery old face wrinkled into a grin. "You're wrong again, Colonel," he murmured to no one in particular. The motion of the car was making him dizzy again.

USE . . .

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# FROM CANADA BY LAND



By J. D. McFETRIDGE

It was not ugly; and in that, it seemed to me to be a little less than typically Canadian. True, it had the inevitable wrought-iron fence around it, the gate in the fence hung askew on the broken hinges, and the regulation blue and white sign warning off vandals was shot full of holes. If one was expecting the grotesque bad taste of, say, Brock's monument at Niagara, this was a welcome disappointment. There were no snarling, alley-cat lions guarding the four corners, no bulbous and ill-shapen statue with its arm out in a stupid gesture, no covering web of green rusted copper lightning rods. From the car there appeared only a modest cairn of water-worn stones built into a short tapering column, with a bronze plaque set in the side. These stones once must have been huge boulders, inched and rolled down the torrent, worn down by the eon-long caress of the river water before human hands took them from the stream and placed them in position in the cairn.

This was Mackenzie's monument of which the native Peace Riverites spoke so often, proud of the history that had touched their river. The road had come in from the west, down Brick's Hill at the crest of which we had paused, caught by the grandeur of the view of the river valley. One moment the car was passing through fat farm lands, fields green to the sun, criss-crossed with highways, served by a railroad, dotted with prosperous farm houses and villages. Suddenly, over the last rise in the road, the broad valley of the Peace lay spread a breath-taking expanse below. The mighty river, its islands standing like huge ships anchored in the current, snaked through the gargantuan valley, fading into the blue summer haze to east and west. As we stood silenced in the shade of a roadside jack-pine, aware of our insignificance against this backdrop of river and valley, I wondered if Mackenzie might have climbed these ram-

parts overlooking the river back in the spring of 1793, to gaze at the beauty and vastness of the scene below him. The summer breeze rustled the needles of the pine tree overhead, as if an unseen someone had passed.

The others got out of the car and crowded around the cairn, but I sat there for a moment, reliving the trip down the writhing road to the valley floor, past Early's farm where the cold, sweet, spring water beckons the traveller in from the river trail. Here, fed by the waters of the spring, were well kept fields sloping southward into the warm sun, and here the spring cooled the dairy house and nourished the flower garden where the old gentleman gave you gladiolas as big as a dinner plate. Then, on eastward again, the river trail plunging over old log bridges and around steep turns, with the occasional flash view of the precipitous river banks—strata of earth and rock bare to the sun as if cut by some giant's knife. Here, practically untouched, was the hunting area that the party had used that winter, and once again, as at the crest of the hill, one seemed to feel his presence. Then the brush dropped away, the valley had widened as the timber receded. The golden patches of dandelion, the purple of the vetch and the crimson of the fireweed began to mark the valley floor as the trail led in toward the river, past a majestic, battered pine standing lonely on the river bank. Then there was the cairn of stone with its absurd iron fence, looking as grotesque against its background as do the gargoyles on the face of a stately cathedral.

I got out of the car and walked by the sagging gate to read the words on the plaque. They proclaimed that Sir Alexander Mackenzie wintered on the south bank at a point opposite this cairn in the winter of 1792-93 while on a voyage of exploration

to the Pacific Ocean. The stones are covered with lipstick inscriptions—"Mabel loves Orville 1939", "Cpl. Elwood Travis USAAF 1944", and someone has written the opening lines of an obscene verse. The rest of the party were throwing stones from the steep bank into the river below. Back out through the gateway and around the perimeter of the iron fence was a spot where one can gaze across the moving expanse of water to the south bank that marks Mackenzie's winter dugout.

Thirty feet below, the turbid waters of the Peace sweep westward, to be joined by the Smoky, the Whitemud, the Notikewan, the Meikle, the Keg, the Boyer and the Mikwa till the combined floods enter the Slave. Standing this close to the river is a shocking thing, for, like a haughty woman, it snubs you as it sweeps by, relentless and silent. The sweep and power of the river is awful, uncomfortable. Her cold breath is on your face, and the skin prickles at the nape of your neck as your eyes are drawn irresistibly westward, upriver, where in the silence of the moving water the siren voice of the Spirit of Hidden Places entices, haunting and compelling, from around the next bend. The challenge of the river is still strong and the presence is at your shoulder again, moving restively.

Ill at ease, one's eyes turn again across the river to the black speck of the dugout on the other shore. How absurdly small is that tiny mark against the vastness and brooding silence of the rough hills behind, with their stubble of brush, lonely and uninhabited. It is the spring of 1792 again, and the party has come up from the Old Establishment near the mouth of the Boyer to lay out the winter quarters. The blue of their fire's smoke rises against the green of the hills behind, and faintly across the water comes the ring of their axes as they cut and square timbers for the winter house. Their work completed, they depart downriver again, their talk and laughter sinking into the brooding silence of the river as their canoes fade to tiny specks on the broad breast of the stream. Late in the fall a half-dozen canoes appear downriver and edge their way upward, dodging the now-running ice. Life re-appears on the south bank as Mackenzie deals with the Indians who

meet him here, gravely and solemnly, for the pow-wow is no mere ceremony found in children's history books but a sober and grave compact by which the white man sought security from these wild and barbarous natives. The smoking and the long speeches end, and Mackenzie passes out a keg of rum and plugs of tobacco, scolding the Indians into behaving themselves.

The valley turns immobile under the frosts, and the men move into their log house, half buried in the bank of the river. Mackenzie stands alone on the frozen shore with sextant and thermometer, taking his daily readings and recording them with painful detail in his journal. He treats the hand of an Indian who blew off his thumb when his musket back-fired. The stench from the festering breast of an Indian woman fills the winter house as he applies poultices where the flint rock lacerations and blowing by the medicine man has failed to ease her pain. In his doorway, he marvels at the mid-January "hurricane" that sweeps down the valley from the west, licking up the winter's snow with thirsty tongue and turning the river's ice to water till the wind swings east again and the mercury dips. He hands out the tots of rum, settles the quarrels, and waits impatiently for spring to unlock the land and the river.

And it is spring again, and the sky is soft and the west wind warm. The black stubble of brush on the hills turns brown as its background of snow disappears, then the first mist of green appears under the warm sun. The ice moves out with maddening slowness and there is a bustle of activity as the men build one large canoe to carry the three thousand pounds of baggage and the ten man crew of the expedition. The ice growls and roars its way downriver till at last the channel is clear and the canoe ready. They push off and head into the current, with the volley of musket fire and the prayers of those left behind in their ears. The paddles flash in the May sunlight, the paddling song of the voyageur drifts faintly across the north bank as the tiny figure amidships waves his hand in last farewell. The canoe becomes a tiny speck on the expanse of the river and the voyageur's song fades to silence. The tiny speck moves on in the face of the vastness

and power of the elements. The paddles flash for the last time as the speck disappears behind an island in the river. The river is empty but for the driftwood.

Someone is blowing the car's horn impatiently. The route home will be by Mission Hill so that we may see the old Catholic mission that stands in the valley. Looking back for the last time, I could have sworn that I saw a solitary figure at the river's edge, silhouetted against the late

afternoon sun and gazing up the myriad of rivers that lead to a rock on the Pacific whereon is written, in letters of vermillion and melted grease, the words, "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second day of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three."

As we climb the Mission Hill, the river sinks back into the summer haze and resumes its pastoral beauty. The siren voice is stilled, but not forgotten.



# The Thought and Style of R. W. Emerson

by A. K. Dean

There are three general ideas running through the essays and poems of Ralph Waldo Emerson which bind them together; they are also the principal points in his view of life. The first is the recognition of the inconsistency of all finite expressions of truth, all finite efforts to realize the ideal. Truth is too large to be compressed into any formula of the intellect. No sooner have we succeeded in wrapping the truth that shapes itself in our mind into a neat word package than we find that we have expanded the content. Immediately, we set to work emending, modifying and enlarging that expression. We are forever groping after the larger concept that just eludes our grasp, yet continues to entice us onwards. This is one of the curious contradictions of reasoning. We can only think clearly to the extent that we succeed in making our ideas definite and clear cut. And yet that very definiteness and clearness seems to be accomplished by sacrificing other aspects of the same truth that we are trying to express. Thought tends to be crystallized in the phrase, the phrase is then substituted for the thought which in turn becomes

dogma, convention, or tradition. But these are only symbols for idols, and the truly free spirit is a ruthless iconoclast. As it is with thought, so it is with action. The looked-for satisfaction never comes with the consummation, nor in any other outward manifestation. Whenever mankind has settled down in the comfortable possession of neat cut-and-dried formulas of truth and rules of action, the progress of the human race has been arrested and the stagnation of life becomes inevitable.

This insight explains Emerson's hostility to the older orthodoxy with its definite dogmas and pretended finality. It also accounts for his opposition to the earlier deistic unitarianism, which, with its equally final, definite, clear-cut formulas, differed from the older orthodoxy mainly by being even more shallow and barren. He had nothing but contempt for all worshippers of convention. His life and work were a continual protest against all efforts to make the living soul feed upon its dead past.

Emerson summed up this view in his poem entitled "Uriel":



"Line in nature is not found.  
Unit and Universe are round.  
In vain produced, all rays will turn.  
Evil will bless and ice will burn."

He then goes on to describe the consternation that Uriel's discovery caused in the "Holy Festival," how the "stern old war gods shook their heads," and how the "Seraphs frowned from their myrtle beds." Truth always comes as a disappointment to the indolently inclined who would gladly dally away an eternity on myrtle beds. There can be no rest for the weary. No one can ever say, "It is finished." Every end is a beginning. Every summit reached reveals a higher summit beckoning us on, and we must struggle forward and upward or perish. This view is also offensive to the stubborn, hard-headed disciples of the WORD. And it is evidence of impiety to the mind of the fervent social or religious fanatic who is fired with the ambition to reform the world by forcing it to take unlimited doses of his particular nostrum.

To Emerson, however, this insight simply meant emancipation from fear. It was the light that banished the demon of darkness from the world. Nature became at a stroke smiling, friendly, sane, and reasonable. To him it was the revelation of the infinite character of the human soul, and of the humane character of the infinite universe. The old Greek joy in nature was revived in him and brought the "seer of Concord" that sincerity and poise of mind which was one of the most pronounced traits of his personality.

The second point has already been indicated: the friendliness of nature. Nature is through and through ideal. Matter is but the living garment of the spirit; the laws of matter but spirit's utterance of itself. And because this nature is intelligible to man—can be comprehended, owned, directed, and controlled by him—the spirit that reveals itself therein is one and the same with the spirit that reveals itself in his thought and aspirations. Everything is fraught with meaning, which is the same as saying that everything is tinged and tinted with mind; for meaning is certainly meaningless save in the presence of mind.

Emerson discusses idealism in his essay entitled "Nature." The essay takes the form

of a quasi-argument. It is very brief, occupying only a few pages, and he fairly apologises for making it so long. The fact is that Emerson was a born idealist; the burden of proof he assumed to rest on those who would deny anything so obvious. In the world in which he daily lived, serene upon the heights, spirit was the only absolute reality. All things were real only in so far as they could be read as the messages of spirit. The real was ever the ideal. In the discussion just referred to, Emerson tells us that growth in culture makes idealism inevitable. First, there are the common experiences of everyday life which show how all things in nature are unstable, how they completely change with our shifting point of view. Compared with things, the mind—the seat of ideas—is fixed and permanent. Secondly, he argues from the power of the poet to make nature plastic in the service of the ideal. Thirdly, he appeals to the arguments of the philosophers who attempt to prove that what we actually encounter in experience is not self-subsistent matter but only phenomena—appearances within conscious experience. Finally, he reads the moral and religious experiences of mankind as one long record of triumphant spirit.

Emerson also gave expression to this view in his poem entitled "Experience." After speaking of the "lords of life" to whom we are all wont to bow down, he goes on to describe how:

"Little man, least of all,  
Among the legs of his guardians tall,  
Walked about with puzzled look;-  
Him by the hand dear Nature took;  
Dearest nature strong and kind,  
Whispered, 'Darling, never mind!  
To-morrow they will wear another face,  
The founder thou! these are thy race!'"

The third point in Emerson's philosophy is his ethical idealism. We find him preaching the sovereignty of ethics; emphasising heroism, self-reliance, character; proclaiming the gospel of individualism, an individualism uncompromising enough to satisfy the most ardent of the eighteenth century apostles of enlightenment. Every individual, he tells us, is unique. Each has a message which he, and he alone can give, which the world needs, and which he owes to his fellow men. Emerson recognizes the difficulty of reconciling this truth with his view

of the absolute unity of the spiritual world, but is none the less sure that both views are somehow true, and that, since soul is supreme over matter, so the individual soul is, or may be, supreme in its world. All that is necessary is that a man stand forth boldly for himself; do what his own peculiar capacities best fit him for doing; honestly, frankly, and steadfastly be himself. Most of our institutions and conventions seem expressly devised to make men insincere, to crush out individuality, and reduce all to the same mould. Hence Emerson's opposition to convention, tradition, dogma, and authority.

These, then, are the three dominant notes in Emerson's prose and poetry: (1) the inadequacy of every finite form of expression to reveal the fullness of truth, the inadequacy of every finite deed fully to realize the aspiration of the soul, the manifoldness of truth and the infinity of the soul; (2) the supreme and absolute reality of spirit; and (3) the absolute freedom and integrity of the individual human self and the sovereign worth of character. Through the first, his vision gained breadth, through the second depth, while through the third his message acquired its profound earnestness.

The true Emersonian prizes the poems above the essays, for into them the wisdom of the essays is packed and given perfect expression. Nevertheless, the essays are still his best known writings. In them he is the writer preaching with grace and learning, and with an ethical passion which would be proper to any clergyman, yet with a tendency to abandon art for unction, to lose the subject in an attitude that takes the place of principle. Having found a tone, he makes the most of it. Modern readers speak of a monotony in the inspiration, a too-great rarity in the discourse, and a drift in all the essays towards a single end at which Emerson seems unable to arrive. Detached paragraphs are better than the wholes which are their contexts. The sentences are all, and this is Emerson's genius at work. To put it in another way, his essays are gnomic, that is to say, they consist of pregnant sentences. Their arrangement is largely a matter of accident. He jotted them down in his note book when they occurred to him and later gathered them in the form familiar to use. Emerson did not

wish merely to write. He wished to say only essential things, the things that could not be omitted, the things that his genius uttered. He did not care to cultivate his talent, and his genius ebbed and flowed and ebbed again.

Poet that he was in all his prose, Emerson toiled endlessly over his verses. He developed a style of his own, as marked in his poems as in his essays: a lean, spare, quick, intellectual style. In his more flaccid verses one catches here and there glints of Shakespeare, Collins, Gray and Wordsworth; but the Emersonian style at its best is not derivative, nor does it have a smooth and facile charm. Emerson sometimes purposely roughened his verses, throwing in a dissonance or an ill-matched rhythm: for him, anything was better than rhetoric. There is something bleached and dry even in the best of his verse, like that of an age-old wisdom which has been exposed to the sun and wind for a thousand years. Emerson's prose diction suggests the seventeenth century authors who never stooped to explain their thoughts but in his verse he avoided the conventional forms of English poetry. He liked to write gnomic lines, epigrams and rules of life, conveyed in a lively image, and sometimes contained in a single stanza, for example:

"Though love repine, and reason chafe,  
There comes a voice without reply,—  
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,  
When for the truth he ought to die'."

Occasionally he wrote longer poems in free verse style of his own invention—for example: "Give All to Love and Bacchus"—but most of his poems are composed in the short couplet similar to that of the gnomic poets, which he filled with a sunny sublimity.

Emerson was careless about the articulation of his thought. In clear sentences he told us from time to time what he thought, but he made no attempt to connect these thoughts into a coherent system. His success as a writer can only be measured by the number of true things a reader hears him saying. Those who value him can point to a thousand isolated sentences in which he has spoken exciting truth. In such sentences he is both sensible and inspired — a rare combination.

# To Hell With Byron

by W. E. Wood

» » » »

An essay to show that Byron, if he went to Hell at his death, would not have made a good lieutenant for Satan as he is represented by Milton.

On April 19, 1824, George Gordon, Lord Byron, died and went to Hell.\* Or did he? This is debatable, but since the Hell in question is Milton's, and Milton was a Christian, we can make use of the entrance qualifications assumed by them. At the top of Byron's list of sins is incest which, I am told by a practising Christian, is good for an unqualified admittance to the inferno below. Now that we have settled his destination, let us follow Byron down and see how he gets along with Satan and his fallen angels.

Sin and Death, Milton tells us, built a beautiful paved road—what today we would call a "super-highway"—through Chaos to the Gates of Hell to speed the arrival of new residents. *Facile est descensus Averni* as somebody once said. But Lord Byron is in no hurry. Chaos is much too interesting a place to hasten through. He has to wander from the "broad and beaten way" and do some sight-seeing, pausing now and then to set down a new canto or two to *Childe Harold*. On April 26th, Byron arrives at Hellgates, where he is met by a rather perturbed Devil who asks him where in H---, well, where he has been for the last week.

This reception displeases Byron, who replies,-

"Infernal Spirit of a nauseous kind!  
Brightest in Avernus—Nosy thou art!"

Satan, momentarily stunned by this appalling lack of respect to his princely person, says to himself,-

"Infernal man! Now should I into Hell  
Receive this new inhabitant—one who brings  
A mind not to be changed by place or time?

This mind is its own master, and by itself  
Can make a chaos of Earth or Hell!"

But he decides that after Byron becomes accustomed to the ways of Hell the badness in his nature will exert itself and he will become a useful tool for his evil purposes. And so the poet entered Hell.

But within a week Pandemonium was in a pandemonium! The cause—George Gordon, Lord Byron! Before he had been there two days he swam not only the Styx, disregarding the No Swimming sign, but also the Phlegethon and the Acheron. These feats he followed up with an affair with Isis to whom he dedicated his latest poem, *Maid of Hades*. Osiris was furious, and created such an uproar that Satan had to intercede, threatening them both with banishment to the saltpetre mines if they did not behave. Their task was, he said, to corrupt mortals, not to brawl amongst themselves. Byron, annoyed by the Devil's dictatorial behaviour, wrote a poem of a decidedly sarcastic nature about the Devil, and organized a revolt for the purpose of setting up a republic in Hell. On this cheerful note we part company with Byron and the Devil, and return to earth to discuss the implications of the preceding scene.

Byron was an individualist with a sense of humor and a love of personal freedom. In Hades he found neither freedom nor humor. Satan was a bitter tyrant with only evil in his mind. Being an individualist, Byron would not like any individual or community which tried to force its own code of behaviour upon him. He did not fit into the society on earth, and would not fit into the society of Hell or Heaven. He is, probably, wandering through space and time at this moment, reciting poetry to the Wandering Jew.

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I never knew a man troubled with melancholy, who had plenty to dew, and did it.—  
Josh Billings, *Affurisms*.

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The author who speaks about his own books is almost as bad as a mother who talks about her own children.—Disraeli.

\*It is assumed for the purpose of this essay that Hell exists.



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